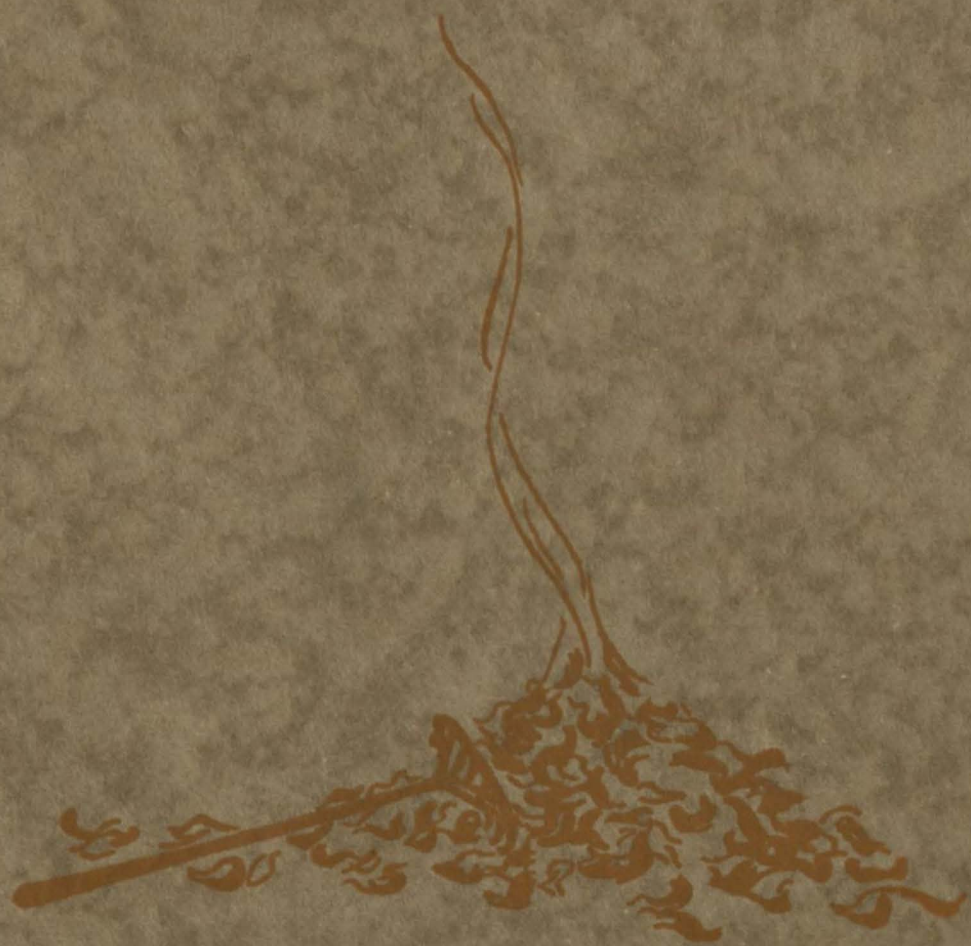


THE WESLEYAN



THE WESLEYAN

November

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1941

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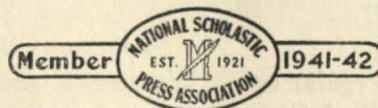
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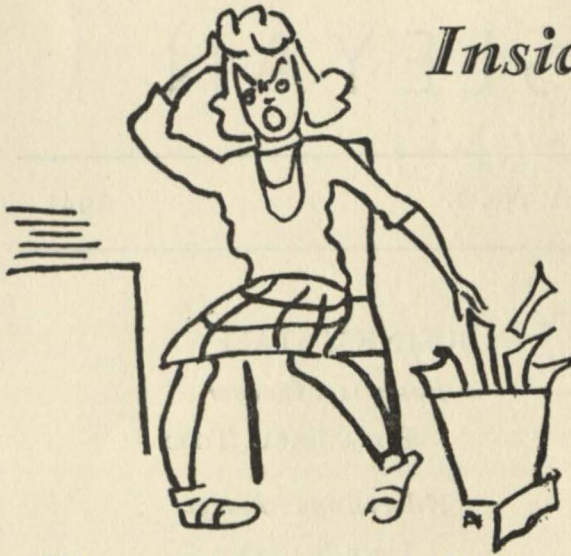
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MARY AGNES WOLF

The Wesleyan is published by the students of Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia.



Inside Information



This month's cover artist is *Priscilla Lobeck*, whose clever pen also did the drawings for "American Scene." To *Gloria Grimes*, Art editor, goes credit for the illustrations on pages five, eight and twenty-one.

* * *

Since many SCRIBES members have won their mingled yarn by their writings in prose as well as poetry, THE WESLEYAN this year will continue the policy of printing contributions from Scribes throughout the magazine, rather than merely devoting one page to their poetry.

In this issue appear writings of SCRIBES president *Priscilla Lobeck*, and members *Ruth Corry*, *Annie Laurie Kurtz*, *Ande Davis*, and *Alice Burrowes*.

* * *

At least two seniors spent their summer seeing America first—*Jane Mulkey* and *Annie Laurie Kurtz*. Their experiences are recorded in "American Scene."

* * *

Poetry in this issue is from regular contributors *Priscilla Lobeck* and *Ruth Corry*, and from sophomore transfer *Beth Johnson*. Beth makes her debut on these pages

with the short and haunting sentiments of "Time," and "To Enter The Destinies," a sharp sword-thrust at war's effect on man's character.

* * *

Knitting is so much the vogue these days, and balls of yarn so much in evidence on the campus and everywhere, that to keep THE WESLEYAN in tune with the times, we collected our own bits and scraps of yarn for the column "Tangled Skeins" on page 24.

* * *

The initial WESLEYAN appearance of junior *Harriet Branan* comes with the local color sketch, "Southern Negro: New Style." Another new contributor is *Alda Alexander*, who from the heights of her sophomore experience makes some sage comments for faltering freshmen to heed in "Of Studies and Students."

* * *

Curtailed spending to help the defense program along caused *Ande Davis* to abandon the "College Shopper" column in favor of "An Ear to The Ground." What she hears on the campus, as well as places to go and things to do in Macon form the subject matter of these witty paragraphs and anecdotes.

* * *

From an old diary kept by her grandfather, *Annie Laurie Kurtz* found the material for her sketch about the old Field School near Jonesboro, Georgia.

* * *

Sophomore *Kit Frazer*, well known to WESLEYAN readers for her lyric poetry, makes her first prose contribution with "Buzzaw," an amusing short story with a clever twist at the end.

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REBIRTH

(written in a library)

*Here in the tomb
Of deep deep thoughts
And words of greater pens
We unchain our wandering minds
And let them seep
Into the rich gardens
Of ages drenched in wisdom,
With the fruits of their
Profoundest dreams.
Here, with the saturation
Of old knowledge
By young minds,
Those long thoughts
Are reincarnated
Into a world
Forgetful of their wisdom.*

—PRISCILLA LOBECK

"BUZZSAW"



Tony, darling,

In seventeen hours, all my worries will be over. No more fretting when you don't call—no more gnashing of teeth, wondering where you are—no more loneliness. That's what you'll be to me—my cure for loneliness. Since I've only one more night and one more too-long day left in my girlhood, I want to write a letter to you. Purpose: To tell you that I love you more than I'd think I should if you weren't so crazy sweet. There's something else I must tell you too. Bear with me first while I go back over my memories.

The most important day in my life was September 17. I was standing on the beach of our summer place on the bay. The sun had a funny way of waiting for the moon to come up before leaving the scene. A little new moon was over my shoulder and in front of me the sun was pouring flame on the water. That was when I saw the sailboat, like a speck of snow against the molten red of the sky. On

it came, as steady and as sure as Fate. I was fascinated by it as I was able to distinguish every minute a few more details. Then soon I could see a boy in the boat, one brown arm guiding it, the other shading his eyes from the glare. He was looking at me, and when the boat struck the sand, he got out and walked over to me. The sight of him in those white whipcord trunks, with an unlit pipe clamped between even white teeth was enough to bring on asthma. "Hello—who are you?", the dream said. "Julie Fairaway. Who are you?" "Tony Dayne by name, wanderer by profession. Could you tell me where Jack Strong lives?"

"Right next door. D'you know him?" I managed to stammer.

"Yep—ole school friend of mine. No wonder the lad's a mite dippy. You're enough to drive any man to drink."

He turned and walked off. Know who it was?

Then that night, you and Jack came over, and we went out on the wharf. Once our hands brushed together, and you smiled down at me, because you knew I felt the same way you did. We watched the moon go down, and you said something about booking it for a return engagement.

After you all left, I sat out there for about an hour and thought about a lot of silly, incoherent little things—your slightly crooked smile, the way your eyes looked in the dull glow of your pipe, the outline of your hands against the white

of the slack suit you had changed to—all the things a freshly-smitten girl memorizes. I lay awake in bed and thought about you some more. Then I slept and dreamed of you. Oh, my heart was working overtime even then. It was a swift thing, my love for you.

You came back the next week-end, only this time you came in a yellow convertible and you wore well-tailored white linen and the most marvelous after-shave lotion I'd ever inhaled. Our first real date was on Friday night, September 23. We rode around for hours, absolutely aghast at the way we got along. We could ride for miles without speaking, yet with an easy sort of companionship. When you left we had made a standing date for every Friday night, 'until death do us part.' We didn't know then how soon we'd be saying those words seriously, did we, Tony?

Then on Christmas Eve you gave me your fraternity pin. We'd been to a dance, and we were sitting in front of my house, watching the snow pile up on the magnolia tree in the yard. At least I was watching the snow. I could feel you watching me. I turned to see you fumbling under your coat, somewhere in the vicinity of your left rib. I knew what was about to happen, and I couldn't have spoken if I'd tried. You looked like a little boy around the mouth—it was sort of trembling—but in your eyes was all the depth and assurance of a grown man.

"Julie," you said brokenly "I've never even come near offering this to anyone before. Now I'm glad because I'm old enough to know what I want, and I guess that's what you are, Julie. Will you take it?"

My heart was too full. I could only nod and smile at you. There was glory in your eyes, Tony—and a little of it

spilled on my dress as you put your own special seal over my heart.

Tony, remember April 19? That was on a Friday night, and you broke a date with me, to pay me back for standing you up for our luncheon date. You never would let me explain. So to spite you, I gave one to Mike Haslam. Now don't look so mean, and put those straight black eyebrows of yours back where they belong. Mike's reputation as the local bad boy is ungrounded. He was lovely to me, even though he saw me turn and stare at every yellow convertible—even though my voice broke when we started humming "The Same Old Story." He's a terrific gent, Tony, and I want you to be nice to him. We went out to "Moonwinks." It was new then, and everyone wanted to be seen there. Mike looked so funny when we walked in. I didn't understand until later, when someone told me that the terribly loud,, terribly drunk woman in the farthest booth was his mother. I guess his occasional wildness is a sort of escape mechanism.

Well, we went in, and sat down. The little colored moons in the floor winked on and off, and I wondered how many real moons would fade before I'd see you again. That's how I know I love you. It comes so natural with me, like breathing and sleeping and hay-fever in the spring.

We got up to dance just as the orchestra started playing "Night and Day." The vocalist was singing, "This longing for you follows where I go," when I felt goosebumps on my heart, and looked over Mike's shoulder into your eyes. I'll never forget that. You started to smile, then looked away quickly and jerkily and said something funny to Nina North. Of all girls, Tony, why did you have a date with her? Ever since we were little we've disliked

each other strenuously. I can see her now on the bicycle she got for her tenth birthday, her taffee-colored hair blowing out behind her, that wild gleam in her green eyes. The one that said, "I'm Nina North, and that's all anyone needs to know!" Even then she was mature in her intense dislike of anything that stole glory from her, and that's what I always tried my hardest to do.

There she stood, every line of her lovely body insolent and proud. My ancestors must have been cats, because my fingers dug into Mike's back like claws, and a foolish lump was rising in my throat. I was afraid I was going to scream or act unladylike and somehow Mike sensed it. He winked at me and said, "Ready to go, lady?" My mind told me to leave, but my sadistic heart yearned to stay and watch you two dancing. Your head was bent—it would have to be with your 6'2" and her kittenish 5'3"—and you were whispering something mighty cute in that pearl-tipped ear of hers, you rat.

Tony, there's something I must tell you. It's been in my mind a long time now, and I've been afraid to say it. It'll either be all right or all wrong after tomorrow night—it all depends on you, darling. Let me wait a little longer. I want to reminiscent some more.

You didn't call for nearly three weeks. What was the matter with us, Tony?" Twice I saw you downtown, and it was all I could do not to run to you, but a woman's pride is a hard thing to step on. By the time you called, I'd convinced myself that it'd all been a mistake—all my dreams, all my tears, all my heartbeats. I was reading a magazine, waiting for Sally Lane to come by for me. The phone rang and something told me it was you. I ran across the room and picked up the receiver,

breathing a little prayer all the while.

"Julie, this is Tony." As if I didn't know—as if my eyes weren't already shiny with happy tears.

"I know, Tony—how are you?"

"Fine, thanks. And you?" you said nonchalantly. You're a wonderful actor.

I decided to outdo you in your cool indifference. We were both acting like children.

"Fine. It's nice to hear your musical voice after lo, these many weeks."

"It's good hearing yours, Julie. Have you got a date Friday night?"

"Let me see—what's today? Monday? No, Tony. I'd like to see you."

"Okay, Julie. See you around eight."

"That'll be lovely. Goodbye, Tony."

"G'bye, Julie."

I floated back to my magazine and stared at it until Sally blew for me. We went to the show, but I couldn't tell you a thing that happened.

I bought a new blue dress for the occasion of our reunion. Mother was so glad we'd made up.

"Tony's a fine boy, Julie," she told me. "Hang onto him. I feel right about you when you're with him."

You were fifteen minutes late that Friday night, and I was so afraid you'd forgotten. Then the slam of a car door, your steps up the walk and onto the front porch, your special ring of the doorbell, and there you were. Mother went to the door while I hung unseen over the banister upstairs.

That night was perfect. We didn't discuss our little misunderstanding. Just being together again was too wonderful to mess up with any unpleasantness. That's why I didn't make my confession to you that night, I guess. I didn't want to spoil the wonder that we'd found again. Perhaps I should've, but I couldn't. I knew

I'd have to tell you soon, because we're always going to be truthful with each other aren't we? I suppose now is the time to do it. One more memory, darling. I'm putting off the horror as long as possible. Break me of that weakness, Tony.

I won't ask you if you remember May 30, because you'd better. You proposed that night, and I still have the paper napkin you used for the purpose. We were sitting at "Moonwinks," looking at each other. My love for you swept over me in great waves that left my knees feeling like warm soapsuds. You took a pencil and a paper napkin and made history. I have it here. Would you like a copy?

"Julie, I'm about to proposition you."

"I ain't that kind of a girl, Mr. Dayne, suh."

"You're my kind of girl, Miss Fairaway, ma'am, and my intentions are strictly honorable. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tony. I, Julie Fairaway, take you, Tony Dayne, for my fiancé"

Then I couldn't write any more because I looked at you, and all those colored moons had settled in your eyes. We'd discussed getting married before, but this was the first really serious proposal. We

got up without a word and walked out to the car, holding our hands tightly together.

After you'd opened the door for me and I'd gotten in, you stuck your head in and simply spoke my name. In that one word and the way you said it was all I'll ever want of happiness.

That brings us up to now, except for our engagement. If you're half as satisfactory a husband as you've been a fiancé, I'm gonna put you up for Dan Cupid's Prize Pupil. I'm so glad you aren't too perfect, though, Tony. I never want us to take each other for granted.

Please understand what I'm about to tell you, and forgive me. I wouldn't feel right about marrying you without telling you this first. Our love will have to jump a lot of hurdles, and I suppose this'll be your first one. Don't be worried because if you love me enough, it'll be all right. Oh, Tony—I don't know how to say it without hurting you and disillusioning you terribly, but the fact is—darling, I snore.

I love you,

JULIE.

—KATHERINE FRAZER



SOUTHERN NEGRO, NEW STYLE

A Negro woman stood before the toy counter in a downtown five-and-ten-cent store. She was of average height, above the average weight, about thirty years of age. She wore a yellow checked cotton dress, a short black coat which was ripped at the left shoulder seam, a shapeless black felt hat, blue tennis shoes, and a pair of tan silk stockings, riddled with runs. She carried several bundles in a worn brown shopping bag. As she handled the toys, her large brown eyes scanned the counter, moving slowly from one object to another, never changing their matter-of-fact expression. Her lips were slightly parted, giving her an unintelligent, lazy appearance as she stood there looking at the toys, feeling them and turning them over for a closer inspection.

"May I wait on you, please?", asked the shop girl indifferently.

"How much fer this here one?", the woman answered holding up a large doll, whose head and hands were china but whose body was stuffed cloth. The doll had on a red organdie dress and bonnet, and its eyes closed when she held the head back. It was a very cheap looking doll; the seams of the body were poorly sewed and the glue from the head and hands was streaked down the cloth body.

"Sixty-nine cents," said the shop girl.

Reluctantly the woman placed it back on the counter. She moved further along the counter and the shop girl turned around to wait on someone on the other side. With the same expressionless eyes and slow moving hands, the Negro looked

at other dolls. She picked them up, looked at their faces and dresses and then laid them back on the counter. Occasionally her eyes would wander back to the doll with the china head. She had thus examined about four dolls, when the shop girl returned. The girl did not ask if she could help the woman this time; she stood waiting there in front of her and stared absently across the store. Soon the Negro picked up another doll. This one was made entirely of stuffed cloth and had a painted face. She asked again, "Whut the price of this one?"

"Thirty-nine cents," was the reply.

As the woman held up the rag doll looking at it, a half smile came over her face. She looked far down the counter and called to a friend.

"Mattie," she said, "come down here." Mattie approached: a woman of apparently better circumstances than the other. She was thinner and wore anklet socks and a quantity of cosmetics. She spoke in a louder tone than her friend.

"Whut you wont, Gertrude?" she asked.

"Look a-here. Ain't this purty?", the one called Gertrude said.

"Yeah," said Mattie looking around on the counter. She saw the doll with the china head and picked it up. "I like this here one the best," she said.

"That one cost too much," replied Gertrude. "This here one the cheapest."

"How much fer this one?" Mattie inquired.

"Sixty-nine cent."

"How much fer that one?"

"It ain't but thirty-nine cent. Look a-here. This here one's head won't break easy as that one. I think I like hit the best. Don't you?" Gertrude was trying to sell the doll to herself.

"Yeah. Buy that one," said Mattie.

Gertrude dug way down in the bottom of her brown shopping bag. She pulled out a big black pocketbook, frayed at the edges. She opened this and fumbled around in it for her coin purse. When she finally found the purse, she emptied its contents into her hand. There were several coins and a key. Gertrude gave the shop girl

the exact amount. As she waited for her package to be wrapped, she looked again at the doll with the china head. Then, for the first time, the expression of her eyes changed. Instead of the matter-of-fact look, there was a sad longing in them. She picked up the doll, turned it over and then replaced it on the counter. The girl handed her the package, and as Gertrude left the store with Mattie, she sent a last wistful glance over her shoulder at the doll with the china head.

—HARRIET BRANAN

MOOD

Oh everlasting night

Wither not in thy silent usual blackness

Come spit up a bright moon piece

Or thunder thrusts,

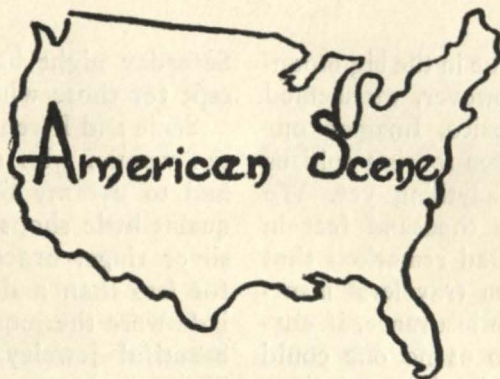
Or show thy silver star scars,

Be filled with nocturnal sound,

Cricket notes and swift wind rushes.

Oh let your silence sing!

—RUTH CORRY



SOUTH OF THE BORDER

With five pesos in exchange for every American dollar, my father, Dr. Q. A. Mulkey of Millen, Senie Hillis of the University of Georgia, and I felt like millionaires when we reached Laredo, Texas, several weeks ago. But when we crossed the narrow Rio Grande into Mexico we felt a thrill of emotion at seeing on the one hand our native United States and on the other a country foreign and mysterious, impressive and picturesque that was deeper than the fact of buying orchids for twenty cents and a six-course dinner for a dollar.

After the usual customs inspection we started on the only highway between the United States and Mexico City the great Pan-American. I gathered my courage for the first stop to get gasoline since neither Dad nor Senie knew even "Buenos dias" or "Como esta usted." A grinning Mexican boy popped from the tiny clay station to say "Fill 'er up? Okay." We broke the tension in a shout of amusement and relief at the boy who had just enough English combined with the typical Mexican friendliness to charm American tourists.

We reached Monterey in time for lunch and chose a Mexican cafe in preference to an American hotel, but when we took two bites of the tamales and goodness-

only-knows-what-else, each of us wished for a U. S. A. hot dog or a tomato can. We found Monterey a city of contrasts for it is Mexico's greatest industrial and manufacturing center as well as a sleepy and romantic old town.

After we had dinner at our hotel in Villa Juarez. I bravely approached the English-speaking desk clerk with a request that he speak to me very slowly in Spanish. In a few minutes every Mexican in the place had gathered to hear the American senorita talking Spanish and translating into English for her friend. One senior approached with the warning that he knew only "Goodbye" and "Okay" in English. We talked for half an hour, and I even got beyond the weather subject! (The hotel clerk did help as an interpreter occasionally). The gentleman proved to be a wealthy landowner and a senator from that state. Little did I know when I so grudgingly studied Spanish at Wesleyan that I would ever talk with a Mexican senator in his own language.

The next morning we made an early start in order to reach Mexico City in time for lunch. At the first town we found a restaurant whose principal advertisement was Maxwell House Coffee. Incidentally, the proprietor was quite prosperous.

We began climbing at a steady rate and

thought surely we must be in the big mountains. At one-thirty, however, we seemed to be no closer to Mexico. Imagine our chagrin when two Yankee tourists told us that we hadn't seen anything yet. We climbed more than five thousand feet in less than sixty miles. Dad remarked that although we had gotten travelers' insurance as well as Mexican insurance, if anything should happen to us no one could find us to collect! Our lunch was a little Mexican soup—we gave up the rest of the food—and Coca-Colas. We shouted with joy when we saw Atlanta, Georgia, on the bottles, but they were just like the other Coca-Colas we had in Mexico—of a peculiar foreign taste and served without ice.

In Mexico there are monuments or ruins showing every period in Mexican history. We visited the Cathedral in Mexico, largest church building on the American continent, the National Palace of Mexico; the beautiful white marble Palace of Fine Arts, the famous house of tiles; Chapultepec Castle and Wood, where Maximilian and Carlotta held court; and other places of historical or architectural interest.

Our government-bonded guide was with us to explain the buildings as well as the customs of the people. We were amused to find that the stores were closed and all business suspended from one o'clock until four every day for the siesta. Wouldn't that be a break for our clerks and business men who have only time to grab a sandwich and a dope at the corner drug store? The city turns off its water supply at four-thirty in the afternoon, which makes the

Saturday night bath an impossibility except for those who have private pumps.

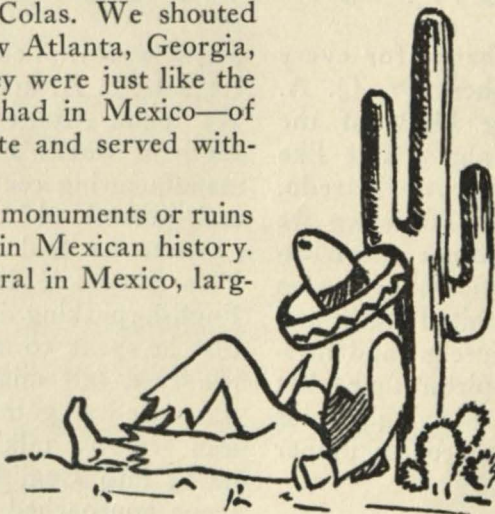
Senie and I went shopping with a Mexican woman who spoke no English. So I had to use my Spanish. She took us to quaint little shops where we bought solid silver rings, bracelets and other jewelry for less than a dollar. Onyx, silver, and jade were the most popular materials for beautiful jewelry, bookends, boxes, etc. The pottery was not so abundant as we expected, but we found some gorgeous Indian made pieces.

However inexpensive the silver and other Mexican products, American made clothes are an impossibility except for the most prosperous people. When we sent two dresses to a shop to be pressed, the proprietor hung one in the window while he pressed the other, so fine did he think our simple United States dresses.

Old Mexico, the Land of Tomorrow, is our nearest neighbor, discounting Canada. Our guide predicted that at the end of this war the American continent will be one nation. If that should be true we shall be linked on the south with a country of the most varied natural resources and the best prospects for a glorious future that any nation holds today.

Mexico is a great land. I am only disappointed that I couldn't find even one Mexican bandit. I wanted one to kidnap me so I could stay longer.

—JANE MULKEY



WESTWARD, HO!

Until this summer, I never realized that the maps and the geography I studied in school represented real places. But they are real, and much more so than a mere picture can ever make them seem. The Grand Canyon is more awe-inspiring, the desert hotter than anything I ever hope to experience again, after spending July and August traveling through 8500 miles of the "Golden West" in an automobile with Jacqueline McPherson, (Wesleyan '40), Maurine McDougall, and Frances Dominick, all of Atlanta.

We stopped first in New Orleans for three days, and I practically wore out a pair of shoes walking through the French Quarter, poking into every antique and curio shop, and sampling strange, exotic food in colorful restaurants. July in New Orleans is sticky-hot, and we dripped with perspiration as we walked around Jackson Square, the site of the Battle of New Orleans, and through the beautiful Cathedral of St. Louis, which is as old as the city itself. Just next door is the famous Cahildo, where the early legislative body of the territory held its meetings and where the Louisiana Purchase Treaty was signed in 1805. It is now a museum, holding relics of the days when Louisiana was held by France and Spain. The most interesting treasure there was a death masque of Napoleon, taken immediately after his death by the attending physician. The sunken cheeks, and wide, smooth forehead, the sharp nose and prominent chin combine to form an unforgettable portrait

of a tyrant. There, too, is the carriage that conveyed the body of Jefferson Davis to his grave. There were guards in each room who watched our every movement so suspiciously that I am sure one of them was expecting us to try to smuggle a cannon out under our jackets.

Leaving Louisiana behind, we went on to Texas, where we were delighted to find gas three cents less per gallon. In San Antonio, we promptly got lost at Fort Sam Houston, where every street seemed to wind back on itself to its starting point. After we finally unraveled ourselves, we went on to the Alamo, which I found so interesting, that I would gladly have stayed all day if Jac hadn't dragged me out bodily.

The country west of San Antonio looks, for about 100 miles, very much like Georgia—long rolling hills, pine trees, and red dirt. But we soon hit the desert. If there is a word meaning hotter than hot, that would describe us, for that is just what we were! For fifty miles at a stretch we rode without passing another car. The cows along the highway all stood with their heads under the scraggly bushes that pass for trees in western Texas, in a fruitless attempt to get out of the blazing sun. Suddenly, as we rode along, Jac exclaimed, "Why, it's raining'."

The pump had broken, and our next two hours were spent walking along the road with the cows. Maurine and I set out with the thermos bottle. We had gone a weary three miles when a passing car

stopped and its driver asked us if we weren't out to round up the cattle. I probably looked the part, for my slacks were wrinkled, and shirt, face, and hands were covered with grease. I had vainly looked under the hood, knowing nothing about the mechanics of motors, and as punishment for my conceit, had gotten very dirty. The car took us eight miles to the nearest water, and then back to our car, where Jac and Frances sat impatiently sweltering.

Until we reached Colorado, our trip was rather ordinary. We merely endured the heat, always thought of food, and looked forward to the high spot of the trip, the Grand Canyon.

It is my firm belief that one should always listen to the advice of a guide. I didn't and I learned from experience! The four of us started gaily down the Grand Canyon on mules over the Bright Angle Trail. It was a 16-mile trip, but we started early in the morning while it was yet cool, and it all looked very simple. I wasn't worried about falling off, but then the path is at least five feet wide, and you wouldn't fall more than about 300 feet in most places. I had an idea that the mule probably liked to live as much as I did, so I looped my reins around the horn of the saddle, and enjoyed the scenery, in between losing my stirrups and bumping. We were about half-way down when we hit desert temperature. The guide carelessly commented that it was only 115° that day. We were lucky!

It took us about four hours to reach the bottom, where the Colorado river, muddy and treacherous, races along at 20 miles an hour, its channel continually shifting and changing. Except for the break at the Bright Angle Trail, the walls of the canyon rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet.

The extreme dry heat and the sight and sound of the foaming river made me realize just how thirsty I was. The guide said no, but I stubbornly drank large gulps of cold water from the thermos. The reaction was swift. I felt as if all the world were going round and round, and I had to sit down in a shady spot and be very still for a long time.

When we started back, I was feeling much better and we went along at a good pace, until we rounded a curve and saw that the party in front of us had halted. One of the girls had become so ill that she had to be lifted off her mule, a thing that is done on those narrow trails only in extreme cases. The wall dropped off to the side two hundred feet, and the sun's rays beating down reached 120°. Standing still for fifteen minutes, we got hotter and hotter until suddenly I felt myself going totally blind. I called out to Maurine, who was on the mule just ahead of me to find out if she had been similarly stricken, and she turned and cried, "Why, Annie Laurie, you're green!" With that, my mind must have given way, for I fainted. A guardian angel must have been near, for I didn't fall off the mule, and the next thing I knew the guide was rudely reviving me with a bath of ice water from his canteen. Needless to say, I was dry in ten minutes.

We drove on from the Grand Canyon to Los Angeles, stopping off at Boulder Dam. In Los Angeles we went to the usual tourist places, Huntington Library, the Hollywood Bowl, where we heard *La Traviata*, to C. B. S. studio to see Jean Hersholt in a Dr. Christian broadcast, to Earl Carroll's and to the Brown Derby.

The coastal highway from Los Angeles to San Francisco is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The road is cut out of the

cliff, and the ocean beats against the sharp rocks at the bottom of the palisades. The Golden Gate Bridge is unbelievably immense. Over it a wind so strong that I was blown off my feet, kept tugging at the cables, causing the bridge to creak weirdly. San Francisco looked as though it were painted on the side of a mountain, and Alcatraz was a rock miniature, so did the vastness of the bay diminish its size.

But time was growing short, so we hurried over to Yosemite National Park. Horseback riding over wide, pine-canopied trails in a valley surrounded by giant, granite cliffs was heaven. We climbed over tremendous boulders to the foot of Yosemite Falls. The water felt like needles of ice when the spray hit our faces. Jac summoned up courage to go swimming, but

I sat on a nice dry rock, after dipping an experimental toe in the chilly water, and drawing it out numb and red with cold.

When we reached Yellowstone Park, Old Faithful burst forth in silver loveliness to herald our arrival. But our stay had to be brief, for in one short week we were due home. We followed the Big Horn River into Shusone Park, into Colorado where we climbed Pike's Peak, on through Kansas and Missouri, across the Mississippi and home to Atlanta.

But of all the wonderful trip, I think I shall remember best a sunrise after riding all night in Missouri, and the day we starved on crackers and cheese because we didn't have any more money until we got to Denver where we could cash a check!

—ANNIE LAURIE KURTZ



AN EAR TO THE GROUND

What's In A Name?

While peeking out our window, as is our custom of a Sunday's afternoon, at the passing parade of draftees wandering confidently around in the inner court, unperturbed by glaring girls or the morning's wash blowing in the breezes, we chanced to observe a junior picking her way between the boxwood toward three soldiers. With her sweetest smile, she asked if there were anything she could do for them and they followed the line of least resistance. (I'm a reporter for the Camp Wheeler paper. What is your name and telephone number?) This vital information having been duly and officially recorded, the quartet chatted a bit and the junior walked on.

Then two silent but observing seniors swooped down upon the boys—casually, of course. History repeated itself. (I'm a reporter, etc.)

"Well," said the first senior, "my name is Lake. Lilly Lake. My friend's name is also—Lilly Lake."

"Oh sure," replied the draftees, "we're the three Lake brothers, Michigan, Superior, and Ontario. Say, what is this, a gag?"

The senior smiled modestly. "No," she said, "that's just a name Wesleyan girls give to people when they don't want to give their real names. Like John Doe." (Ed. Note: "Lilly Lake" was the same name the junior had given.)

Just then Colleen Eason walked by. The boys decided to test the name so they called, "Hello, Miss Lake!" Colleen, al-

ways willing to co-operate, smiled back and said, "Hello." This cinched it. The only slip-up came when one senior called the other, "Baby." The bright soldiers noted this immediately. "I guess she's just a little pond," said Ontario.

* * *

Opportunities For New Businesses in Macon—A parking lot downtown. The Wesleyan bus is the only vehicle sure of a place. Also why doesn't some enterprising soul start a U-Drive-It? But the greatest need is that the town grow sophisticated enough to stock blue fingernail polish. We've been trying to buy some for weeks.

* * *

Fun For A Dime

We haven't had so much fun since before the Pharm prices went up as we did last Saturday morning for a dime. The idea wasn't original but we went to town and had our pictures made—4 for 10c. In the first pose we tried to depict rage. The result is something between Fanny Brice being coy and remembering a bull session joke in the middle of chapel. Love came, but resembled more a canary with the pip or someone sitting on the first row in a funny movie. "Scorn" seemed to be smelling something most unpleasantly odoriferous, or else to have come from the wrong side of the railroad tracks. The other emotions portrayed with more or

less success were hatred, surprise, disappointment innocence, and glamour. Try this sometimes if you can scrape together ten cents and let us see the results. We're thinking of starting a contest for the best emoting to fit "come hither" and "my son, my son."

* * *

Getting The Bird

At the Candlelight, Macon's newest drive-in joint, the "Mercer Bear" special sandwich is a tasty best-seller of ham and Swiss cheese on rye but the "Wesleyan" is a concoction of cold sliced chicken and lettuce. Is that a slam?

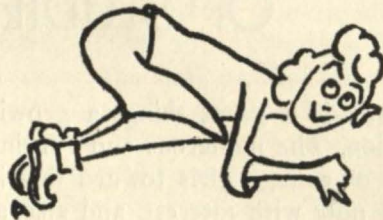
* * *

The Troop Of Trapps who sang in chapel lately explained their amazing swimming prowess by saying, "We used to go to the Adriatic every summer." Just like we say St. Simons. . . . Out of the thirteen spellers in the match at Camp Wheeler, who should receive the most whistles and "yoo hoo's" of applause but Margaret (language whiz) Sullivan. One might almost say she had the boys spell-bound. . . . It isn't often that little brother can be useful to a sister away at college but one of our sophomore transfers has hers so well trained that he warns her by wire when mama is coming for an unexpected visit so she'll have time to clean up her room and remove any incriminating evidences.

* * *

The Wesleyan Nunnery

Remember the Student Y retreat sev-



eral weeks ago? Well, that afternoon a young man walked into the maid's office and requested that Jane Robertson be called. The maid on duty thought a minute and then said, "Miss Jane, she ain't here. She's done gone into retreat."

* * *

Won't You Wear My Fraternity Pin?

A Wesleyan senior was the cause of much confusion to a Mercer freshman lately, during rush week. He first met her with an SAE wearing an SAE sweetheart pin. She advised him to join that fraternity. Two days later he ran into her at an ATO barbecue and she told him what fine boys she thought the ATO's were. The next time he saw her she was with a Phi Delt and they picked him up to take him to the Phi Delt house. He began to smell a nigger in the woodpile. Even greater was her embarrassment when, while she was with a Kappa Sig, the freshman came up to her and said, "Mary Stewart, I just wanted to tell you I just pledged KA."

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PICTURES THAT
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OF STUDIES AND STUDENTS

Study is a great thing, a growing institution. The numerous and varying attitudes of college girls toward this institution I note with interest, and also amazement.

For convenience, the study-ers may be divided into four classes; there is the library variety—Diligent, and the library variety—Dilatory, the home-body who studies in the dormitory, and the student who stews.

The library variety—Diligent is regarded by many as the most praiseworthy species. Laden with huge texts of frightful appearance, a typical specimen of this genius moves sedately into the awe-inspiring Candler "bookhouse," and remains there most of her college life. With the efficiency of a government secretary, she snaps open her note-book, her glasses-case, and her mind, preparatory to pouring in the knowledge. Oblivious to the people around her, the flowers on the desk, and the clickings of the clock she pursues, overtakes, and speedily devours culture and learning. When she strides to the card catalogue, the enlightened, intelligent look on her face fairly shouts that she still chews thought-food, though her texts be two tables away. With hardly a curt "How do you do?" to the desk attendant, she seeks only to become friends with Shakespeare, Newton, and Curie, who, after all, will be very difficult to dance with at the spring formal, or to swim with on Dormitory Day. On the other hand, Miss Diligence will beam with proud pleasure on grade day, when she receives the rewards of her labor.

The dilatory bookhouse-dweller learns other things and leads a different life, though she, too, sits hours in the library. This species knows that the second chandelier on the right has two lights missing, and that there are twelve steps in the stairway leading to the mezzanine. She can tell you whether people are coming or going because the door groans painfully inward and squeaks delightedly outward. Lazily seeking the Muse in far-off space, she discovers the breath-taking beauty of late afternoon sun rays on the marble vase in the corner. Calling in stage whispers to the girls at her table, she learns the latest gossip; talking animatedly with the library assistant, she hears the expert's opinion on the newest novels. Perhaps after spending all afternoon in the library, she doesn't know the cube root of -81 , or Robespierre's foreign policy. But if classrooms are not the place to absorb knowledge what are they? Oh, the blissful, carefree life of the dilatory library study-er!

Pity the poor home-body, who studies in the dorm! Trials, tribulations, and eternal woes are hers! Just as she masters half of a French sonnet, her operatic roommate decides it is time to practice breathing exercises. In desperation the studious one gives up poetry for math, and attempts to solve for X to the tune of fifth chords and C scales. With a sudden wind change, the room gets too cold, and the study-er must leave her books to close the windows and turn on the radiator. This leads to turning on the radio, too. Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, she decides that now is the moment to pluck

those bushy eyebrows. Before she can return to her books, seven unholy terrors burst into the room, bent on a bull-session.

Slyly, the home-body flees, planning to become a parlor scholar. As she opens the door, a prankish neighbor jumps from behind it, yelling "Boo!" into the weary scholar's ear. Finally, settling at a table, the worried worker finds herself in an ideal position to watch light-hearted lassies skip gaily off to the "Pharm," and to jump hopefully every time the telephone rings in the booth outside the parlor door. For the haggard home-body, it is skimpy, scattered, stolen study, poor soul!

Most amusing, most charming, most ignorant of all is the student who simply stews. With beautiful, praiseworthy intentions, she starts to the Library, but somehow is sidetracked into someone's room. Holding a verb-wheel in one hand and a

washrag in the other, she looks at the principal parts of *donner* as she prepares for bed. Leaving off in the middle of memorizing "On His Blindness" she dashes down the hall to find out what Presidents' Council decided to do about the point system. When she wants to read proof, and should be reading history, she quotes to herself Scarlett's "I'll worry about that tomorrow," and dashes down to the newspaper office. When it comes to writing themes, she is in her element. She scribbles a paragraph before dinner, puts in two more lines on her return from the basketball game, and adds the final words on her way to class the next morning. The student who stews makes no dent in the wall surrounding knowledge.

Peace, — it's wonderful; sleep, — it's beautiful; study, — it's, among other things, Impossible!

—ALDA ALEXANDER

TIME

*Each new footstep
Leads inevitably to the dismayal
That I must forsake the last.
My heart is tied fast
To each minute,
So that I look neither forward nor
backward
And yet dread both*

—BETH JOHNSON

FREEDOM IS MADE OF SIMPLE STUFF

Editor's Note: The following article appeared on the editorial page of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* for June 26, 1941. Written by a young woman reporter, it presents the viewpoint of many college students and young people today. For this reason, we believed our readers would be interested in the article, and we have obtained permission to reprint it here.

From the archives of broken peace we are bringing out old words and dusting them off for use again as shining lanterns to lead us through the darkness of another war.

Words like freedom, justice and truth—all of them hard to define, none of them used more frequently than freedom.

You cannot say what freedom is, perhaps, in a single sentence. It is not necessary to define it. It is enough to point to it.

Freedom is a man lifting a gate latch at dusk and sitting for a while on the porch, smoking his pipe, before he goes to bed.

It is the violence of an argument outside an election poll; it is the righteous anger of the pulpits.

It is the warm laughter of a girl on a park bench.

It is the rush of a train over the continent and the unafraid faces of people looking out the windows.

It is all the howdys in the world, and all the hellos.

It is Westbrook Peglar telling Roosevelt

how to raise his children; it is Roosevelt letting them raise themselves.

It is Lindbergh's appeasing voice raised above a thousand hisses.

It is Dorothy Thompson asking for war; it is Gen. Hugh S. Johnson asking her to keep quiet.

It is you trying to remember the words to The Star-Spangled Banner.

It is the sea breaking on wide sands somewhere and the shoulders of a mountain supporting the sky.

It is the air you fill your lungs with and the dirt that is your garden.

It is a man cursing all cops.

It is the absence of apprehension at the sound of approaching footsteps outside your closed door.

It is your hot resentment of intrigue, the tilt of your chin and the tightening of your lips sometimes.

It is all the things you do and want to keep on doing.

It is all the things you feel and cannot help feeling.

Freedom—it is you.

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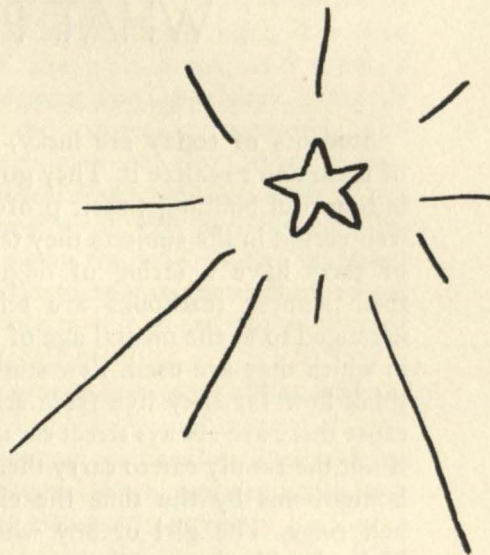
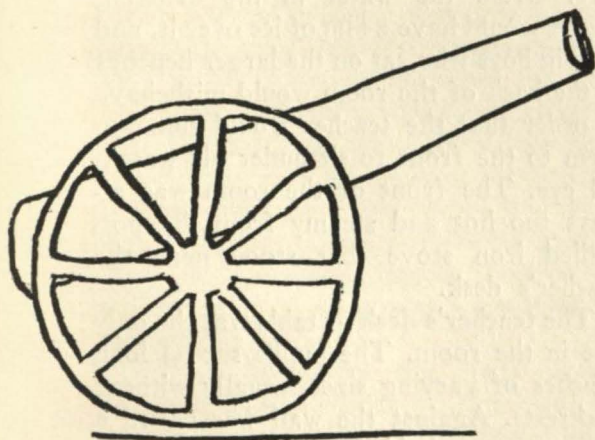
*The Place For Your
End Curls*

To Enter The Destinies

*Not through the gun's
And cannon's roar,
But in cool, calm mist
It came.*

*Insistently, hungrily,
Wishfully, humbly,
Softly, gently
Came.*

*It came but found no pathway there,
No pathway free of tears;
It came but departed sorrowfully,
For darkness dissolved the years.
What hope is there for its return?*



*Can man conquer
And be victorious,
And still possess a star
To guide him?*

—BETH JOHNSON

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

Students of today are lucky, but most of them don't realize it. They go to school in beautiful buildings, their professors are well-versed in the subjects they teach, most of them have a string of degrees after their names; textbooks are scientifically arranged to fit the mental age of the grade in which they are used. Few students ever think how far they live from schools, because there are always street cars, or buses, if not the family car to carry them to their home-rooms by the time the eight-thirty bell rings. The girl or boy who goes to high school in the twentieth century doesn't give such things a second thought, and usually looks down on studying as something to be done with as little effort as possible, and to be tossed carelessly aside in favor of any casual diversion of the moment.

But a hundred years ago the picture was different. Who has not heard his grandfather tell of trudging six or eight miles through deep winter snows, carrying a hot baked potato between his mittens to keep his fingers from getting frost-bitten; or of carrying piles of wood into the schoolroom to feed the smoky, cast-iron stove which was their only heat? Such tales are beyond the realm of our experience and we are inclined to regard the teller with a skeptical and amused eye, and to sigh with impatience when we hear of the hardships that boys and girls of a hundred years ago endured in order to get their "schoolin'."

But those days were not without their amusing incidents as well as their hard-

ships. The boys and girls who attended the old Field School near Jonesboro, Georgia, in the days of Scarlet O'Hara, looked upon education as a serious pursuit but they were not without a sense of humor, as their quaint and yellowed diaries reveal.

The old Field School was built out on the edge of a meadow, fashioned of unfinished pine boards the cracks caulked with clay. But the winter wind disregarded such fruitless attempts to keep the small bare room warm, and the edges and corners of the room were always at freezing temperature. Often the water in the drinking bucket would have a film of ice over it, and the big boys who sat on the larger benches in the back of the room would misbehave in order that the teacher would summon them to the front to sit under his watchful eye. The front of the room was always too hot and steamy from the pot-bellied iron stove that stood near the teacher's desk.

The teacher's desk or table was the only one in the room. The pupils sat on long benches of varying sizes, usually without backrests. Against the wall was nailed a long, narrow shelf, to which the children carried their slates when they had ciphering to do. To reach the shelf, the smaller ones had to stand on a wooden box, while the larger boys had to stoop over in an awkward position.

The teacher was paid by the parents of the school children, and a meager salary it was, too. However, it was supplemented by the many free meals he received in the homes of his pupils. Having teacher for

supper was an occasion calling for the most abundant table the family could afford, for in the small communities the teacher was second only to the minister in social standing and importance.

One particular teacher who served at the Jonesboro school had a fondness for king snakes. No boy was allowed to harm one of these pets on the school grounds. One day a king snake crawled in over the dirt floor and around the feet of the children, causing much consternation and confusion in the school room. The teacher demanded quiet, and told the children to sit still, ignore the snake, and continue with their lessons. Now, this professor chewed tobacco, and he was accustomed to squirting the juice with unerring aim through a knothole in the pine platform which served to raise his desk above the dirt floor. The snake slithered its way under the platform, and was holding its head erect, protruding through the knothole when the teacher turned to expectorate. The sight of the snake's ugly head rearing up through the hole startled the man so much that he gulped and swallowed his quid. Then, grabbing a stick he furiously killed the reptile, wasting no time thinking of his previous fondness for the animals.

During lunch-time the boys usually gathered in one corner of the yard, the girls in another. After a morning of being cooped up in the schoolhouse, the big boys particularly were always ready for mis-

chief. One day, after a long hot morning of lessons, they boys decided to play a trick on the professor, and proceeded to lock him up in the schoolhouse. Then they chased all the girls home, and spent a happy afternoon playing hookey. Towards sundown the professor appeared. His clothes were torn and dirty, and his lean figure heavier by at least ten pounds of red clay sticking to it. He had tunneled his way out under the wall of the building! The next day there was not as much school as there was a session on the subject of discipline.

For the mid-day meal, the students brought large biscuits and buttermilk, and families took turns keeping filled a huge jug of molasses which reposed in the corner next to the water bucket.

Under such conditions was education carried on. Reading, writing, ciphering, spelling, and Latin were the usual subjects. But physical hardships seldom disturbed the students, and did not discourage them. They went to school because they were eager for knowledge, and regarded education and educated people with an admiration akin to reverence. On the whole, they can out-spell, out-cipher, and know more Latin than do their grandchildren who have been exposed to modern progressive methods, but who seldom appreciate or take advantage of the opportunities they are offered.

—ANNIE LAURIE KURTZ

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PANACEA?

A bookseller displayed the following sign in his window: "Forget the war—read a book!" Placed prominently around the sign were copies of *Berlin Diary*, *A Thousand Shall Fall*, and *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*.

✱ ✱ ✱

Never to be bored is merely an active form of imbecility.

—Clifton Fadiman.

✱ ✱ ✱

Girls and cars are much alike, observed a man—(of course, it would be a man)—In both cases a good paint job may conceal the years, but the lines tell the story.

✱ ✱ ✱

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

—Mark Twain.

✱ ✱ ✱

The War Department decided that henceforth insignia on uniforms must display nothing "implying animosity." Now, boys, you mustn't stick out your tongues at Hitler.

✱ ✱ ✱

One does not make friends—one recognizes them.

—Isabel Patterson.

In Italy, kissing in public is legal only at railroad stations. In other words, you can't kiss the boys good-bye in a bus depot.

✱ ✱ ✱

Civilization is a series of moderately pleasant interludes between conquerors.

✱ ✱ ✱

In New Mexico, soldiers engaged in desert maneuvers went in so heavily for ice cream and soda pop, brought up behind the lines by venders with trucks, that they were unable to eat their regular Army rations.—My mother always made me eat my spinach *first*!

✱ ✱ ✱

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Housekeeper for trailer; must tour. Apply 115 N. E. 71st. *O Pioneers!*

✱ ✱ ✱

There's a new perfume on the market called *Cobra*. To wear when you're bent on snaking some one else's man, girls.

✱ ✱ ✱

LYRIC LINES . . .

Regiments of telegraph poles, marching erectly into the sunset.

●

Snow insulated the noisy streets with a blanket of silence.

Startled little waves scampering ahead
of a sudden squall, tumbling over each
other in their frantic haste.



Autumn entree: A day warm and golden
in the middle, crisp and brown around the
edges.



Only can you live
When you have something concrete to
cling to,
Something beyond to reach for.
You cling to earth, you reach towards
God.



Against the blue haze of mountains, the
maples burned with silent, smouldering
flame.

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TURNS WITH A BOOKWORM

The old adages about broken resolutions still hold, apparently, and the forty thousand books the bookworm planned to read for her summer diet, proved too much for her digestion. Before she crawled into her winter cocoon, bleary-eyed with war facts from the "*Berlin Diary*, dizzy from *Don Quixote's* windmills, (required for an English comprehensive), and her sides aching from laughing over *Junior Miss*, she recommended these as the *pièces de resistance* of her summer diet:

They Went On Together, a little book as unmistakably Robert Nathan as a Chopin composition is Chopin. In this simple story, Mr. Nathan takes a world we cannot bear to believe is real, (though everywhere it is happening), and by touching only the human, personalized side, makes that impossible world real to us.

Refugees are fleeing down a road before an enemy army—and a little girl talks to her doll, a weary mother scolds her children and wonders where their next meal is coming from. A little boy shares his greatest treasure, a stuffed bird, with a girl who has lost her family.

You don't know where these people came from, or what will happen to them, or even where they are. The setting seems sometimes to be France, sometimes the United States. The big issues are never mentioned. "Darned old fools" the little boy keeps saying, in childish fury at what the unseen enemy is doing to them. It is the universal helpless rage of a bewildered people, caught in a war they did not want.

The blood and terror you might expect in such a situation are somehow missing, —perhaps an unintentional limitation of Nathan's neat and lyric prose. Despite this lack, and almost too much laughing through tears, Robert Nathan has succeeded in making a fantastic story realistic, moving, and universal.

Kabloona, the story of a white man's life with the Netsilik tribe, the most northerly and primitive of the Eskimos. The author, Gontran de Poncins, a Parisian ethnographer, went into the far North in 1938, and came "outside" in April 1940 to return to France for military service. Since the fall of France, no word has come from him. Somewhere, we hope, he is safe, and *Kabloona*, his magnificent first book, will not be his last.

The story of *Kabloona* is the familiar one of the sophisticated white man, trying to find an escape in primitive life. But the power and insight with which this man views himself and his surroundings brings us to the realization that he is not an eccentric running away from something, but a potential enthusiast running towards something. The "something" which he finds makes up the story. He calls it "the encounter of two mentalities" for the Eskimo mind is so very different from the white man's, that it cannot even be visualized by one who has never come in contact with it. This man lived, worked, ate, and faced hardships with the Eskimos, striving sincerely to understand him. It could not have been an easy task, in a land where a population of 25 in a ten-

thousand mile area is considered dense; where the normal winter temperature is 50 degrees below zero; and where rotten and frozen fish are eaten as daily fare.

There is no attempt to glorify details of the Eskimo existence, and the reader will not find glamour in the descriptions of the igloo, where marriages are made, children and dogs are born, and old people and old dogs die in a never-ending atmosphere of rancid seal oil. But the Eskimo on the trail, skillfully constructing an igloo, waiting at a fish hole in the ice, tracking a polar bear, perfectly adapted to life in the most rigorous climate in the world, is a creature to stir the interest and amazement of the Kabloona, the white man.

The book is thoroughly absorbing from beginning to end, written in a vivid, descriptive style, and illustrated with striking water colors done by the author.

Country Schoolma'am, the delightful, autobiographical tale of Della Lutes. The story begins in Michigan in 1888 when Delly, at 16, becomes a teacher in a small country school. Boarding in a home near the school is her first experience away from her own family, and confidence wavers when she thinks of teaching arithmetic, which she hates, and managing the big boys, many of whom are older than she is. But her warm interest and young enthusiasm win friends and admiration for her, and by the end of the term Delly has

learned as much from her pupils as she has taught them.

The school teacher was an important figure in small community life, and around her and the school centered many activities which broke the monotony of the long winter. "Spelling Downs," lyceums, and Friday recitations provided excitement for pupils and their proud parents. The pages of the book are filled with people, county fairs, church suppers, sleigh rides, picnics, and Sunday night sings, the life of America two generations ago, seen with the eager mind and heart of the country schoolma'am.

P.S.—The bookworm crawled out of her cocoon long enough to note that Clifton Fadiman's book, *Reading I've Liked*, has just been published. This is a new kind of anthology, the sole criterion for inclusion in the collection being Mr. Fadiman's personal enthusiasm for the selections. The authors represented vary from George Santanyana to Alexander Woolcott, and from Sarah Horne Jewett to Ernest Hemingway. There are excerpts from novels, autobiographies, short stories, essays, anecdotes, and literary criticisms. Each of the fifty-odd selections is preceded by a commentary by Mr. Fadiman. If the taste of the Master of Ceremonies of "Information, Please!" is your taste, then you and I and the bookworm will be running a race to the library for this new book.

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Extra - Curricular Seclusion

EDITORIAL

College students are constantly accused of living in a world of academic seclusion. But if the critics could come to the campus as students, they might find "extra-curricular seclusion" to be a more appropriate term.

Our college world is one of activities outside the classroom. Our days, our thoughts, our time, our conversations are constantly concerned with soccer practice, stunt nights, proof-reading, annual pictures, and dances. We wake in the morning to the knowledge that the noon dead-line of the college newspaper must be met with a story on the Dramatic Club play. We dash to town to get ads for the annual, and dash back to school in time for a meeting of the Tennis Club. We spend the evening designing scenery for the stunt, and attending a reducing class in the dormitory parlor. At midnight we fall wearily in bed with only a half-hearted attempt to read tomorrow's history assignment and learn our Shakespeare memory work.

And in this mad whirl we are forgetting, neglecting, pushing aside the most important thing which college has to offer us—the classroom.

Because the classroom is the most vital part of our college life. What is offered in that classroom is what we came to college to find: knowledge, wisdom, and understanding. All our lives we will find friendships, sports, parties, dramatic groups, and opportunities to take part in these activities wherever we go, as well as in college. But the classroom, in spite of the publicity about adult education—forums, lectures, and study groups—can never again be a vital part of our lives to the extent that it can be while we are in college.

And if we turn away from the classroom to our world of extra-curricular seclusion, we lose the real meaning of college. The word comes from the Latin verb meaning gather together, collect. Gathered together here is the wisdom and knowledge of great minds through all the ages: the heritage of our civilization. If we do not see it, we have only ourselves to blame, because it is here.

Of course it is fun to take part in everything on the campus, to be the girl who is pointed out as the President of This, and Secretary of That, and Editor of Which, and member of What-Not. All these activities are part of the college atmosphere, and we would be the last to deny that they are important in building a well-rounded college life. But we do deny the importance of emphasizing these activities to the complete exclusion of the real purpose of college.

The heart of a college is in its classrooms. Are we finding the heart, the pulsing center of college life—or are we lost in a maze of little extra-curricular capillaries?

